



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the adoption of the national ensign in 1818, when it was raised over the House of Representatives, Washington. It was Captain Samuel Chester Reid, of New York, who suggested the increase of stars for the additional States.

Their Married Life

Helen Asks Carrie's Son to Make

a Visit, and Speedily

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

Just As Lillian Discovers She Has Been Robbed Moncrief Calls With Scheme to Recoup Her Losses

Part One-(Continued)

But I did not know, madame." Lillian frowned with annoyance, but she had to admit that what the girl said was true.

"No, you did not know. It was my own fault. Into which room did you show him?" Into the dining room. He said

he would prefer to wait there. When I went up half an hour later

Lillian sprang to her feet, though the maid bad not quite finished dressing her hair. "That looks all right, Clementine," she said. "I don't want to spend all days in the my glass."

A few minutes later she descend-

ed to the dining room. Here was her desk and the nest of drawers in which she kept most of her valuables. The house was small and she did not like to intrudy anything in the way of business into boudoir or drawing room. She walked straight up to her desk, key in hand. Lillian Is Robbed.

There was no need of the key. The deak had been forced, She lifted the lid without effort.

"I thought so-I thought so," she "He's been at his old tricks again. What a fool I was not to warn the servants; but it is so long since he has interfered wi-me." I She sighed heavily. "Of course he has been after my check book, using his power of forging my signature, and I am too late to stop payment. I wonder if he has cleaned me out? There wasn't much left at the bank."

There was no doubt that the un-desirable visitor had acted as Lil-lian supposed. The book lay open before her. It was the first object that her eyes had met when she opened the desk. Her pass book

lay close beside it.
"He was careful to see what bal-ance I had," she sighed. "I sup-pose he has taken all—left me without a penny—it is not the first me." There were tears of vexa-tion in her voice.

Left Her \$25 With His "Love." She glanced hastily at her pass book, and then turned to verify the mischief she suspected. She had not been mistaken. A check had been torn out and a few words had been scribbled on the stub.

been scribbled on the stub.

"How good of you, Lillian," such
were the words, "to come to my
assistance once more. I really am
very hard up, and you have quite a nice little balance. I am leaving you \$25 in case of immediate need." The name Frank was signed to this

Lillian fumed with rage. She was more deeply incensed with this treatment than she had been at her abduction by Pietro and all the sub-

arequent unpleasant developments
"The beast!" she cried in her
fury; "why must be persecute me? All my troubles-he has brought them all upon me. He has been the curse of my life." She threw herself down in a chair, the check book clasped in her hand, and wept in

What was she to do? For the time being she was penniless. She had no settled income, and her money was accumulated by strange meththat, unfortunately, was threatened to fail her now at the very time when she needed it most. The irony of the position struck her. That very day she had cashed checks for large sums, and, though the money was of her own earning, she had given it all over to Pietro. How could she have anticipated such a state of affairs at home? Well, Pietro was coming to see her tomorrow; in all fairness he ough? hand her back \$5,000. But was he the sort of man to do such a thing? Lillian shook her head—she knew him too well.

What was she to do? She kept repeating the question. Twenty-five dolars at the bank was all she had, and she was not allowed any thing worth mentioning in the way of an overdraft. There remained her jewelry. She had been forced to pawn it before, and now it seemed as if she would be obliged to repeat the experiment.

Receives a Caller.

The thought never occurred to her of taking proceedings to have the eulprit arrested. It was utterly impossible for her to do so, for a few words from him would place her in the dock by his side. It was a fatality with her that she was always forced to condone crime. Her usual philosophy deserted her. The blow, coming immediately after the ardships she had been enduring.

left her utterly prostrated.

She was aroused by the appearance of Clementine. The maid entered the room with the rather stealthy trend that characterized Does madame receive this after-

"No, Clementine, I am not at

Clementine was about to retire, when Lilian stopped her by asking the name of the visitor. She had not heard the bell.

in s M Monerief." "" by Monty, You Look Bnd."

Lillian changed "Oh, Monorief," Lillan changed her mind. It suddenly occurred to her that the financial agent might he of possible assistance to her. She knew him too well to have any Husions as to his character, but he had the means of procuring money quickly for other people, and he

n as fertile in resource. will see Mr. Monerief," she said. "Show him in here, Clemen-

tine."
In a few moments Monerief was

introduced. He was less spruce and debonair than was usual with him, and his face showed signs of the chastisement he had received at the hands of Guy Hocking: He wore, however, the inevitable white flower in his buttonhole. Lillian look-ed at him in some surprise. "You don't look yourself," she

"I had a scrap the other day," he replied. "That idiot of a husband of yours"-

"Yes," He Said, "Guy Did It."
"Guy?" She lifted her brows in

some surprise.
"Yes. He imagined I had him on "I expect you had. He seems to

have got the best of it." There was a grace of pride in her tone. She She had never lost her liking for duy, and she had no reason to sympathize with the agent! Just now, however, it was not advisable to show her feeling. "You look upset, too, Lillian. What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong," she answered pettishly, "I've been subjected to all sorts of ignominy at the hands of that rascal Pietro

The Italian blackguard who

used to be at Adderly?"
"Yes. You know him. And, on
the top of that, when I get back
here I find my desk broken open and a check abstracted. That means that every bit of available cash I have has been drawn, and I don't know where to turn for money.

Monorief gave a low whistle. "Frank again?" he asked.
"Yes. I hoped that this time he was really going to leave me in peace. He went back to England, and vowed that he would stay there. I suppose I hope too much I should not have believed him."

"Frank Willoughby always was a onsummate liar," said Moncrief. "He studied in a good school," returned the woman with some asperity. "What a crowd he threw me amongst! My path was smooth enough till I met him."

"You Should Trust No Man."

"You should not have given him a hold over you by marrying that fellow Hocking. That was the fatal error. I warned you at the time."
"Frank vowed that I should have
my complete liberty; that he would
never interfere with anything that I might do. It was part of our con-tract. I was fool enough to believe

"Never believe man or woman when they vow that they are telling the truth," said Moncrief, senten-tiously. "I speak from exprience. tiously. "I speak from exprience. But it's too late for regrets now. I, at least, have done all I could. I have always been careful that no one should have any idea that I was acquainted with you or knew any-thing of your circumstances."
"It was to your interest." she said,

grudgingly, then after a pause, "but what's to be done? Can't you sug-gest something? I tell you he's cleared me out, and I don't know where to turn for mone

No Help In Sight.

'What about Adderly?" he queried. "Supplies cut off, for the present at least. And I dare not go to Mrs. Borradale, for she is lyin ill attended by her son. He will no nothing, and he is the sort of man to break up the whole mystery at any cost to himself if he knew the truth. He'd go to the police."

Do you know that that fellow, Edgar Swan, is hot on the trail of the Adderly affairs?" "Is he?" There was some uneasi-ness in her tone, but she tried to laugh carclessly. "I don't care." "Would not Miss Vassell help

She is abroad, and I can't get her

There was a pause. Monerief sat

tapping the floor with his stick. At last he looked up, an ugly smile on "Try Blackmall," He Said. "You know the secrets of half the

men in New York," he said "Meaning blackmail," she retort ed. 'T've just been playing that game for Pietro's benefit, and it's dirty work that I don't appreciate. Still, in case of need, I am not squeamish." She told him in a few words of her recent experience. You see, it's rather early to begin

again," she concluded.

Moncrief pondered. This time the pause was of longer duration. was Lillian who broke the si-nce by asking impatiently:

"What about that money in Adderly vault?" asked Moncrief, insinuatingly. "Impossible - impossible!" she

shuddered. anuddered.
"If the whole affair is going to be shown up shortly." urged tha man, "we might as well help ourselves white there is a charce. You might have nothing to do with the

last attempt, but this time-They "Frame Up" On Pletro. "No, no. It is too ghastly and too

dangerous," cried the woman. "Who would venture down?" "Pietro," said Monerief, shortly,
"Pietro" Lillian started. There
was something in the suggestion
which appealed to her.

"Yes. You never let him into that

particular secret, did you?"
"No, he knows nothing."
"Then if he doesn't know the risk" he runs, he will cheerfully under-take the job. You've no love for him. I suppose, so I don't see why you should mind."

"No, I hate him." She paused. "If he were killed it would be a gain to the world." She paused, and then, with a meaning look at Mor

crief, added, "Pictro is coming here (To Be Continued Monday.) opportant by W. E. Hearst.)

Unique Sketches for the Red Cross

Society Artist Draws Society's Favorite Little Ones and Donates Proceeds to War Relief

By Margery Rex.

DATRIOTIC American women are daily demonstrating new ways to help the work of the Red Cross and other relief societies. Every day there is chronicled a different medium that will help to fill the coffers for humanitarian work in the great world war.

Mrs. E. R. Thomas, who has been at Pain. Beach for the past two months, is one of the prominent women in society who has evolved a new way of doing "her bit." An artist of note, Mrs. Thomas has been drawing the "kiddles" of society as they play on the beach at the Southern resort' and the proud parents have been delighted to buy the pictures, and Mrs. Thomas has turned her talent into money which has been donated to the Red Cross. for which she has been an ardent worker.

Among her bany models have been the children of Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, George and Alfred; Henry Barbey, the wee son of Mr. and Mrs. Plerre Lorillard Barbey, and the children of Mrs. Quincy Adams Shaw, 3d. and Mrs. Christopher D. Smithers.

Before her marriage Mrs. Thomas was Miss Elisabeth R. Finley, an artist of marked ability, who has exhibited at the Paris Salon and has had paintings accepted by the Royal Academy of England. For her own amusement Mrs. Thomas made a series of sketches of her young son and the aketches were so admired by her friends that she was begged to make pictures of other bables and the result is that Mrs. Thomas has been able not only to give some admirable pictures to her friends, but has turned over to the friends, but has turned over to the Red Cross a splendid sum as the







Little Henry Barbey, as the clever pencil of † George and Alfred Vanderbilt, sons of the late Mrs. Thomas caught him busy at play. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, playing in the sand.

To My Sweetheart Soldier MISSIVE FROM WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

founy little Miss J, and her sister!
The General went with me. They live in a funny little house, leaning up against a pump if any one should chance use the pump, the house would fall down. The General says they have lived there was since they came to the village. ever since they came to the village which is five years ago deducting the year they spent at the "Old La dies' Home." I believe houses grow to look like their occupants! At

least this one looks like Miss J.!
One could readily imagine the
peaked-up roof to be a poke bounet! The two flagged paths diverging from the door might even be Miss J.s yellow shoes grotesquely toeing out. The building itself with its variety of colors green blinds, back rashes, red clapboards—looked for all the world like Miss J.'s fanciful dress, and the whole house so sleuched down and doubled up presented the uncanny appearance of sitting on its own camp steel. But indies were home. I thought the fittle myelld sister showed pathetic signs of being glad to see us. but any word of welcome she might have said was drowned out in Miss is volubility. "So glad to see you I se volubility. "So glad to see you, I am sure. Such an honor for our poor house! And how can I thank the General for coming with his leg, too, or rather without his legit must be very hard walking. We are doubly grateful! Very few gentlemen call upon us! One cannot be oo careful in a small place! Scan dal is so quickly started. I told as ter when we first came here, that we would be very discreet! Nothing deficate or so easily shattered the reputation of maiden ladies!

It is hard to know now-a-days who

unreliable Half the gas men are murderers If all the gas men are murderers in disguise, and no knowing that will happen white they're trying to read the meter. And German spies also. Men and women. It's awful to think how any woman would want to go around with a message written on her back, and run the risk of an automobile acci-dent. And what those women keep in their stockings in the name of the Kaiser is just terrible, I sup-They say stockings aren't safe any more anyway, what with poor silk and running all the while? They blame the war for that, also! Why the war should make stockers! run is more than I can see! But there are lots of things about the war that are beyond me. If the Government only won't touch what litle money I have, so that I can be free to use the talent (led gave me. I shall be watched. God gave me talent of playing the piano. I don't talent of playing the plane. I do play for money—ch, no just i the gratification of my friends; should hate to have to play money so gordid. With that she pened up a very old out-of time in frument and began to play. Whether God gave her the talent to play the piano as she played it no one could say. It was difficult enough to follow the tune without trying to trace the hand of God in

the tai-at which produced it. During the full which followed the exhibition of "God-given tal-ent," the general and I took our

Reloved, if you see any least possibility of my "helping" in that family, please tell me by return mail. In the meantime I am going to be thankful that I have no "Godgiven talent."

YOUR OWN.

Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Contemptible Attitude. + Her the sun is to become of the

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX. I am engaged. My flance is one of the cremest cut fellows I have ever met. He is also successful. For this I greatly admire tall, and I do admire tall men. I have been engage I about a year, and as the time draws near to my marrians I wonder if I will regent it, feeling as f do. I am con-sidered beautiful, on about 5 feet 4 inches, and my flance is 5 feet 2 inches. My brother is very tall, and when I am with him I this protection I do not feel with my flance. At times I love him devotedly and other times, just for this reason, I seem to feel that

. OUR flance's stature may not be grenntic, but your heart and mind are hopelessly dwarfed! Do you seriously think that you have a problem? Of course, you have one, but you do not recognize what if is, It has nothing to do with your flance's being 2 feet 7 instead of the magnificent six-footer a weak, foolish, sentimental and ignormal presture like you familes she would enjoy teaning on.

When I read a letter like yours 1 am awayed at once by three feelings. How under the sun no such women ever foot u en into marrying then a all." What do the more who are "mot tall enough" think of their

human race if such manualty stanted women have any part and parcel in it? It is beneath my dignity to try to explain to you that the best thing that could happen to the man who fancies he loves you is to lose the selfish lit e simpleton who can worry over a problem like this. Dou't worzy-you won't break any man's heart. You have not eyes to see or a mind to understand that the biggest, finest and most worthwhile man may have a soul housed in a body five feer tall, not five set myrn, nor get six feet?

Sugar Is Food.

Sugar is a valuable food, a powerful stimulant, and a great producer of heat and nerve force. Arctic explorers, and other per sons who have to do very hard work under extremely trying climatic conditions, invariably develop an intense craving for sugar, and

eat enormous quantities of it.
The Klendyke miners even
eweelen their sait pork with it, and
it has been found that these who at large quantities of sweets twice the work of men who let The Italian Alpini soldiers, who

are called upon to march and fight at high attitudes, carry a liberal supply of sugar in their kits when-ever possible. Negroes in the har-vest fields grow int on surar case. is neither yeared nor abundant.

wicked lord's head.

Regrets It

Winifred. "Weil, my mother says your

Helen's cheeks flushed hotly, but she fistened intently to west was

"What's gumption?"

te explain, "she never stands up for her rights. She's not like my mother, my mother is the boss is our house." "Well, my mother doesn't want to

Helen had never before had the estto play your old game." isfaction of hearing it put into "Of course we'll have him, dear," there isn't anything else to do just

how, don't you worry." Warren had looked up with a relieved look on his face. "You are a brick, old girl, thanks I'll make it up to you in some way if the kid is too much of a nuisance."

as you say. But I'll manage some-

66BUT, Warren," Helen had pro-

how we can manage."

"It lan't the question of how we

can manage; we'll have to do Jt.

that's all. Heaven knows I'm not

any keener about it than you are."

it possible that Warren was actually

saving those words about having

Carrie's child at the apartment for

the week end? It was the first time

that Warren had uttered a disloyal

remark about any member of his

family. No matter what he thought,

words.

Helen started for a moment. Was

Helen fairly beamed. "He won't be, Warzen. Winifred will play with him and I don't think he'll be any trouble, and I'm awfully sorry for poor Fred. He's worried to death about Carrie."

"Well, I'm not worried about Carrie, I think she'll be all right. She often had these spells when I was living at home and always get over them. I think half the trouble is imagination and temper.

And so little Roy had been brought into the city for the week end much to his joy at being away from home, and much to Helen's trepidation at having him with her. She knew that Roy had been fearfully spoiled, and that he was not the kind of a child for impressionable Winifred to be with bonstantly. He was too apt to sow seeds of sedition in the child's mind.

Roy had arrived on Friday night and shortly after his arrival had been put to bed. Saturday morning Helen had taken the children out into the sunshine and now 'on Saturday afternoon Helen was reading lazily, and the two children were out in the guest room playing together. Helen could hear their voices plainly and the relationship seemed amicable. Winifred had just suggested that they play "house," and Helen had expected an indignant refusal from Roy. Much to her surprise, however, he consented and the game began.

"Let's play we're your father and

mother," suggested Roy. "Oh," came in Winifred's prised voice, "why not play your father and mother" "That wouldn't be any fun."

scoffed Roy.

"Why, 'cause you're a girl and ion't understand."

"I can so understand." persisted

mother hasn't any gumption:" said

coming.

"Oh." floundered Roy in an effort

be boss in our house," said Winifred staunchly, "and I don't want "Ah, come on," wheedled Roy,

"it's lots of fus. You be sunt Reles and I'll be Uncie Warren." Helen stole to the door to hear

better and to peep through the heavy curtains to see what Roy was doing. Her heart was beating uncomfortably, although she told herself that it was nonfense to let the prattle of a spelled child bother her. Of course if Carrie talked to Fred before Roy it was quite natural that the child would pick up things of that kind to use for his own amusement No doubt Carrie laughed at them and encouraged

them, thinking Roy unusually cute. "Now I come home like this," said Roy, awaggering in with a fairly good imitation of Wafren, "and you ask me for some money."

Winifred was interested in the game now, and walked up to Roy with her mother's step faithfully imitated. "Warren, dear," she said, "can

you let me have some money tonight, I shall need a little more this week." Roy glowered at her. "Money!" he growled, "have you spent what I

gave you? Where's the money you had the other night?" This was too much for Helen and she walked into the room where the children were and spoke to Roy se-

verely. "Roy, that isn't a nice game to play. Don't you know that it's wrong to imitate your aunt and uncle? And, Winifred." Helen said turning to her daughter, "I'm surprised that you wanted to make for

of mother. Roy looked sullen; but Winifred a lip began to quiver. "O, mother, I didn't mean to, I didn't want to play the game," she began, then her voice quivered into tears and she

began to ery. Helen was on the verge of nervous tears herself. She wanted to punish Roy; she longed to send him one's weaknesses paraded is a thing that cannot be forgiven readily. O. Warren's people were impossible: Sometimes she wished that she had never married into the family in spite of her love for Warren.

To Be Continued.

Puss in Boots Jr. A PLEASING GOOD-NIGHT SERIES

By David Cory.

was just getting exciting when I had to leave off in the last story, for don't you remember the handsome prince with little Puss Junior had just jumped out of the coach and was running into the castle to save the lovely princess who was a prisoner there? Well, no sooner had they entered

than a wicked ford came down stairs with a sword in his hand and struck at the handsome prince. And, oh, dear me! the handsome prince received a great wound in his arm and his sword fell from his hand. And then little Puss jumped up on the banisters and before that wicked lord could kill the prince our brave little cat cut off the

And then a great key fell to the floor with a bang, and Pusa picked it up, and he and the handsome prince, who felt very weak because his arm hurt him dreadfully, you know, went down into the basement and then down into the cellar, and then down into the dungeon.

And I don't see how little Puss Junior knew that the key would fit the dungeon door, but it did, and in less than 500 short seconds the lovely princess was led out, for it was so dark that you could hardly see, and if it hadn't been for the flaming feather in Puss Junior's cap, which was just as good as the little lamp that a miner wears in his cap. I don't believe they would have found their way back to the

Well, after the prince had his arm bound up with bandages and the lavely princess an ice cream sods. they all felt happy as blue birds in

Spring, and Puss was invited to spend a week-end at the castle, but he said he must be on his way, for he was a traveller and never tarried long, in castle or in humble cot, but sang this little song:

Oh, I'm a wanderer, ais I. Under the blue or starry sky. .. Oh, I'm the captain of myself. For what care I for money and peif. It's only the love of the wild and free

That keeps me going o'er land and Box. V Oh, the rain may fall and the wind may blow,

But ever I wander on, heigh he. heigh bo! And then Puss took a hop, skip and a jump, all of sudden, be

almost stepped on a little green anake. "Please be careful," said the little snake: "you almost broke my dis-

mond collar," and she colled herself into a ring and sat up and winked at Puss with her two pink eyes. "I love that song you just sang. I wish I could travel and see the wide,

wide world" And then the little green snake sighed and wiped her eyes with a little leaf.
"Some people are happier to stay
at home and knit helmets for the

soldiers," said little Puss Junior, for he didn't know quite what to say. But the little green enake shock her head and then she threw away the leaf and picked another one and fauned herself, for the sun was very hot and her diamond collar made her very warm. And next time I'll tell you what happened after that

> Conyright, 1918, David Corp. - Re Continued.